

Frozen Music, Suburban Panache

"Then you're the Colonial
at the end of the street?"

"So you're the new house!"
Free-form industrial slum
left unsaid though

cement trucks rumble yet
in memory, as what's left
of Grandma's dishes tick,

seemingly forever, in
their designated cabinet. So

are the people their dwellings?
And is John Cage Irving Berlin?

No answer, for mystery pervades
Robin Dell Acres Extension.

Old as the caveman gussying
up his cave. Or the Bowerbird
imploring *Take a look at this!*